



1493. L. 33.

THE  
**BEAU'S Miscellany.**  
BEING A  
NEW and CURIOUS  
**COLLECTION**  
OF

Amorous TALES, diverting SONGS,  
and entertaining POEMS:

---

By several HANDS.

---

PART II.

---

Wit, like Beauty, triumphs o'er the Heart,  
When more of Nature's teen and less of Art.

*Prior.*

---

**L O N D O N:**

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Print One Shilling.

BRAND & MICHIGAN

THE MICHIGAN

COLLECTION



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THE



THE  
Yorkshire TALE.



COME hither good People, both  
aged and young,  
And give your Attention to my  
merry Song,  
I will sing you a true one, and not  
hold you long.

*With a down, down, down, up and down, derry, derry,  
derry down, up and down, derry, derry down.*

A Parson there was, and whose Name I cou'd tell,  
But suppose I do not, it is full as well,  
Whose Wife did all *Yorkshire*, in Beauty excell.

*With a down, &c.*

Her Texture so perfect, her Eyes black as Sloe,  
Her Hair curling shone, and like Jet it did show,  
Which often denotes 'tis the same Thing below.

*With a down, &c.*

Part II.

B

A



A sprightly young Spark she had smitten so deep,  
Nor Day had he quiet, nor Night cou'd he sleep,  
Which made him think how to her Bed he might creep.

*With a down, &c.*

Assistance he wanted, and then did unbend,  
His Mind to a Brother, be sure a good Friend,  
Who said, fear not *Wat*, thou shalt compass thy End.

*With a down, &c.*

In Woman's Apparel dress out and be gay,  
I'll venture my Life on't, 'twill be a sure Way,  
If you condescend to do what I shall say.

*With a down, &c.*

And thus to the Parson's, this Couple rode on ;  
Dear Doctor says *Frank*, here's a Thing to be done,  
Which Office perform'd, I shall gratefully own.

*With a down, &c.*

This Lady, that long has Love's Passion defy'd,  
And all my Addresses so often deny'd,  
Will now make me Happy by being my Bride.

*With a down, &c.*

'Tis past the Canonical Hour, said he,  
And 'till the next Morning, you know it can't be,  
And then I'll attend you Sir, most readily,

*With a down, &c.*

Says





Says *Frank*, I confess Sir, you're perfectly right ;  
But here lies the Hardship, we can't while 'tis Light,  
Get to the next Town for a Lodging to Night.

*With a down, &c.*

Take no Care of that Sir, for thus it shall be,  
The Lady if she thinks it fit to agree,  
Shall lie with my Dearest, and you lie with me.

*With a down, &c.*

You so much oblige me in what you now say,  
I hope in Return, I sha'l find out the Way,  
Such generous Kindness, with Thanks to repay.

*With a down, &c.*

This being agreed on, both Sides did consent,  
To put the Glass round, and the Evening was spent,  
In Mirth and good Cheer, then to Bed they all went.

*With a down, &c.*

No sooner in Bed then, but with a bold Grace,  
*Wat*, full of Desire, thus open'd the Case,  
Dear Madam, says he, I must — then did embrace.

*With a down, &c.*

Confounded she lay, and not able to speak,  
To think how these Wags had deceiv'd her and *Dick*;  
But at last she was pleas'd with the Frolick and Trick.

*With a down, &c.*

He

He pleas'd her so well that transported she lay,  
Contriving and plotting for his longer stay,  
Which thus to her Husband she form'd the next Day.

*With a down, &c.*

This Lady, my Dearest, last Night, full of Grief,  
Oft hugg'd me, and told me, I can't for my Life,  
Consent, tho' I've promis'd him, to be his Wife.

*With a down, &c.*

To Morrow said she, and then freely went on,  
Tho' I love him my Heart tells me, I must be gone;  
If so, the Poor Man you know may be undone.

*With a down, &c.*

Now how to prevent this, I'll think of a Way,  
If I can perswade her some Time for to stay,  
And that's a good Office, I'm sure you will say:

*With a down, &c.*

'Tis so my dear Creature, pray do what you can,  
To please her and bring her to Humour again,  
And I'll do my best to divert the poor Man.

*With a down, &c.*

The Plot so well taken, made both their Hearts bound,  
A'l Night, and all Day too, when ever they found,  
Convenience for Pastime, her Pleasure he crown'd.

*With a down, &c.*

And

And thus my Friend *Wat* his full swing did obtain;  
 The Wife too in Transport a whole Week did reign,  
 And the Man, ne'er the worse, had his Mare back again.  
*With a down, &c.*



# THE DYER of ROAN.

*To the Tune of Old Simon the King.*



N good King *Lewis'* Land,  
 In a City of high Degree,  
 There liv'd a *Dyer* Grand,  
 And a very good *Dyer* was he.

This *Dyer* was married forsooth,

And married in Truth was he,  
 To a Maid in the Bloom of her Youth,  
 And she gave him some *jea-lou-sy*.

In vain had he sought to discover,

What he little desir'd to see,  
 Never dreaming his Wife had a Lover,  
 Of Monkey-fac'd *Monsieur L' Abbee*.

He thought of a politick Way,  
 To bring all the Matter to Light,  
 By his feigning a Journey one Day,  
 And by lying in Ambush at Night.

The Horses were brought to the Door,  
 Ev'ry Sign of a Journey appears,  
 Whilst his Wife (that dissembling Whore)  
 Was bedew'd in her Crocodile-Tears.  
 A Thousand Grimaces she made,  
 To shew forth her Grief at his parting ;  
~~But that~~ was the Trick of the Jade,  
 And regardless as old Womens farting.

The *Dyer* was now out of Sight,  
 And preparing to discover the Treason,  
 You will find he was much in the Right ;  
 And I'am going to tell you the Reason.  
 The Wife was no sooner alone,  
 But she sent for the Father-Confessor ;  
 He put his best Pantaloons on,  
 And he ran like the Devil to bless her.

The Damsel with Smiles on her Face,  
 Met the Abbot, and gave him a Kiss :  
 But no Man wou'd have been in his Place,  
 If he'ad known of the Jerquer in piss.  
 We now may suppose them together,  
 Confessing and pressing each other ;  
 Bound fast in Loves Thong of Whit-Leather ;  
 Was the Reverend Catholick Brother.      Some

Some Hours was past at this rate,  
 When the Husband, with *pass-par-tout* Keys,  
 Made no scruple to open his Gate,  
 And caught Napping the Hog in his Pease.  
 Father Abbot, quoth he, (without Passion)  
 Is this your Church Way of Confession?  
 Altho' 'tis a Thing much in Fashion,  
 It is nevertheless a Transgression.

The Abbot, as you may believe,  
 Had but little to say for himself;  
 He knew well what he ought to receive,  
 For his being so arrant an Elf.  
 His Cloaths he got on with all speed,  
 And conducted he was by the *Dyer*,  
 To be duckt (as you after may read)  
 And be cool'd for his amorous Fire.

Quoth the *Dyer*, most Reverend Father,  
 Since I find you're so hot upon Wenching,  
 I have gather'd my Servants together,  
 To give you a Taste of our Drenching.  
 Heré — *Tom, Harry, Roger and Dick*,  
 Take the Abbot, undress him and douse him;  
 They obey'd, in that very same Nick,  
 To the Dye-Vat, they take him and souse him.



To Behold what a Figure he made,  
 Such a Monster there never was seen ;  
 'Twas enough to make *Satan* afraid ;  
 He was colour'd, all over with Green.  
 The *Dyer* had Pleasure enough,  
 When he thought how he dy'd him for Life ;  
 'Twas much better than using him rough,  
 Since he only had lain with his Wife.

The Abbot was lead to the Door,  
 And he took to his Heels in a trice,  
 Never looking behind, or before,  
 It was now not a Time to be Nice.  
 'Tis reported by some of his Neighbours,  
 That he did not discover 'till Morning,  
 The excellent Fruit of his Labours,  
 Nor the Colour he had for his Horning.

But good lack, when he came to the Glass,  
 And beheld such a strange Alteration,  
 He was dy'd of the Colour of Grass,  
 And had like to have dy'd of Vexation.  
 As this Stain can be never got out,  
 And the Abbot must lose the Church Fleece ;  
 Let him bear the Disgrace (like a Lout)  
 To be shown for a Penny a Piece.

*Upon*





*Upon a L A D Y, who by the overturn-  
ing of a Coach, had her Coats behind  
flung up, and what was under, shewn  
to the View of the Company.*



*HILLIS, 'tis own'd, I am your Slave,  
This happy Moment dates your Reign ;  
No Force of Human Pow'r can save,  
My captive Heart, that wears your Chain:  
But when my Conquest you design'd ;  
Pardon bright Nymph, if I declare,  
It was unjust and too severe,  
Thus to attack me from behind.*

## II.

*Against the Charms your Eyes impart,  
With Care I had secur'd my Heart ;  
On all the Wonders of your Face,  
Could safely and unwounded gaze :*

*But now, entirely to enthrall  
My Breast, you have expos'd to View,  
Another, more resistless Foe,  
From which I had no guard at all.*

## III.

III.

At first Assault, constrain'd to yield,  
My vanquish'd Heart resign'd the Field,  
My Freedom, to the Conqueror,  
Became a Prey that very Hour:

The subtle Traitor, who, unspi'd,  
Had lurk'd 'till now, in close Disguise,  
Lay all his Life, in ambush hid,  
At last, to kill me by Surprise.

IV.

A sudden Heat my Breast inspir'd,  
The piercing Flame, like Light'ning sent,  
From that new dawning Firmament,

Thro' every Vein my Spirits fir'd:  
My Heart before, averse to Love,  
No longer cou'd a Rebel prove;

When on the Grass, you did display,  
Your radiant *BUM* to my survey,  
And sham'd the Lustre of the Day.

V.

The Sun, in Heaven, abash'd to see,  
A Thing more gay, more bright than he,  
Struck with Disgrace, as well he might,  
Thought to drive back the Steeds of Light;

His Beams he now thought uselefs grown,  
That better were by yours suppli'd,  
But having once seen your Back-side,  
For shame he durst not show his own.

VI.

## VI.

Forfaking ev'ry Wood, and Grove,  
 The *Sylvans*, ravish'd at the Sight,  
 In preſſing Crowds, about you ſtrove,  
 Gazing, and loſt in Wonder quite :  
 Fond *Zephyr*, ſeeing your rich Store  
 Of Beauty, undiſcri'd before,  
 Enamour'd of each lovely Grace,  
 Before his own dear *Flora's* Face,  
 Could not forbear to kiſs the Place.

## VII.

The beauteous Queen of Flow'rs, the Roſe,  
 In Bluſhes did her Shame diſcloſe :  
 Pale Lillies droop'd, and hung their Heads,  
 And ſhrunk for Fear into their Beds ;  
 The amorous *Narciſſus* † too,  
 Reclaim'd of fond Self-love by you,  
 His former vain Deſire caſhier'd,  
 And your fair Breech alone admir'd.

## VIII.

When this bright Object greets our Sight,  
 All other loſe their Luſtre quite :  
 Your Eyes that ſhoot ſuch pointed Rays,  
 And all the Beauties of your Face,

---

† See *Ovid's Metamorph. Book III.*

[ 12 ]

Like dwindling Stars, that fly away,  
At the Approach of Brighter Day,  
No more Regard, or Value bear,  
But when its Glories disappear.

IX.

Of some ill Qualities they tell,  
Which justly gave me Cause to fear,  
But that which most begets Despair,  
It has no Sense of Love at all.  
More hard than *Adamant* it is;  
They say, that no Impression takes,  
It has no Ears, nor any Eyes,  
And rarely, very rarely speaks.

X.

Yet I must Lov't, and own my Flame,  
Which to the World, I thus rehearse;  
Throughout the spacious Coasts of Fame,  
To stand recorded in my Verse:  
No other Subject, or Design,  
Henceforth shall be my Muse's Theme,  
But with just Praises to proclaim,  
The fairest *ARSE*, that e'er was seen.

XI.

In pity, gentle *Phyllis*, hide  
The daz'ling Beams of your Back-side;  
For should they shine unclouded long,  
All Human Kind would be undone.

Not the bright Goddesses on high,  
 That reign above the Starry Sky,  
 Should they turn up to open View  
 All their immortal Tails can Shew  
 An *A* — *e* *H* — *le* so Divine as you.

}



## T H E BATCHELOR'S DREAM.



AT E as I on my Bed reposing lay,  
 And in soft Sleep forgot the Toils of Day,  
 My Self, my Cares, and Love, all charm'd  
 to rest,

And all the Tumults of my waking Breast,  
 Quiet and Calm, as was the silent Night ;  
 Whose Stillness did to that bless'd Sleep invite ;  
 I Dreamt, and strait this visionary Scene,  
 Did, with Delight, my Fancy entertain.  
 I saw, me thought, a lonely Privacy,  
 Remote, alike, from Man's and Heaven's Eye ;  
 Girt with the Covert of a shady Grove,  
 Dark as my Thoughts, and Secret as my Love ;  
 Hard by a Stream did with that Softness creep,  
 As 'twere, by its own Murmurs, hush'd asleep :  
 Part II.

C

On



On its green Banks, under a spreading Tree,  
 At once a pleasant, shelt'ring Canopy,  
 There I, and there my dear *Cosmelia* fate,  
 Nor envy'd Monarchs in our safe Retreat.  
 So heretofore were the first Lovers laid,  
 On the same Turf, of which themselves were made.  
 A while I did her charming Glories view,  
 Which, to their former Conquest, added new ;  
 A while my wanton Hand was pleas'd to rove,  
 Thro' all the hidden Labyrinths of Love ;  
 Ten Thousand Kisses on her Lips I fix'd  
 Which she with Interfering Kisses mix'd ;  
 Eager as those of Lovers are in Death,  
 When they give up their Souls too with their Breath.  
 Love by these Freedoms, first became more bold.  
 At length unruly, and too fierce to hold :  
*See then (said I) and Pity, charming Fair ;*  
*Yield quickly, yield, I can no longer bear*  
*Tb' impatient Sallies of a Bliss so near :*  
*You must, and you alone, these Storms appease,*  
*And lay those Spirits, which your Charms could raise.*  
*Come, and in equal Floods let's quench our Flame,*  
*Come lets——*and unawares I went to Name  
 The Thing, but stopt, and blush'd, methought, in  
 Dream.

At first she did the rude Address disown,  
 And check'd my Boldness with an angry Frown,  
 But yeilding Glances, and consenting Eyes,  
 Prov'd the soft Traytors to her forc'd Disguise ;  
 And soon her Looks, with Anger rough e're while,  
 Sunk in the Dimples of a calmer Smile ;      Then



Then, with a Sigh, into these Words she broke,  
 And printed melting Kisses as she spoke:  
*Too strong, Philander, is thy powerful Art,*  
*To take a feeble Maid's ill-guarded Heart :*  
*Too Long I've struggled with my Bliss in Vain,*  
*Too Long oppos'd what I oft wish'd to gain,*  
*Loath to Consent ; yet Loath to deny,*  
*At once I court, and shun Felicity.*  
*I cannot will not yield — and yet I must,*  
*Lest to my own Desire I prove unjust :*  
*Sweet Ravisher ! what Love command thee, do ;*  
*Tho' I'm displeas'd I shall forgive thee too,*  
*Too well thou know'st ; — and there my Hand she*  
*press'd,*  
 And said no more but blush'd, and smil'd the rest.

Ravish'd at the new Grant, fierce, eager I  
 Leap'd furious on, and seiz'd my trembling Prey.  
 With guarding Arms she first my Force repell'd ;  
 Shrunk, and drew back, and would not seem to yield.  
 Unwilling to o'ercome she faintly strove.  
 One Hand pull'd to what t'other did remove ;  
 So feeble are the Struglings and so weak,  
 In Sleep we seem, and only Sleep to make.  
*Forbear !* She said, *ab, gentle Youth forbear !*  
 (And still She hug'd and clasp'd me still more near)  
*Ab ! will you, will you, force my Ruin so ?*  
*Ab ! do not, do not, do not ; — let me go ?*

What follow'd was above the Pow'r of Verse,  
 Above the Reach of Fancy to rehearse :  
 Not dying Saints enjoy such Extasies,  
 When they in Vision antedate their Bliss ;  
 Not Dreams of a young Prophet are so bless'd  
 When holy Trances first Inspire his Breast,  
 And the God enters there to be a Guest.  
 Let duller Mortals other Pleasures prize,  
 Pleasures which enter at the waking Eyes,  
 Might I each Night, such sweet Enjoyments find,  
 I'd Wink for ever, be for ever Blind.



T H E  
 CURE *for* CUCKOLDOM.  
 A TALE *from* BOCCACE.



O O Weak are Laws, and Edicts vain,  
 The Heart of Women to restrain ;  
 For when with happy Search they find,  
 The Man they like, they still are kind.  
 So strong, so daring is their Love,  
 It does ev'n fear of Death remove ;  
 For Proof of this, if others fail,  
 I now design to tell a Tale.

At

At *Prato* once upon a Time,  
 Adultery was thought a Crime;  
 And every kind consenting Wife,  
 Was doom'd by Law to lose her Life;  
 So partial was this horrid Act,  
 It equally condemn'd the Fact,  
 Whether the Cause was pure Desire,  
 Or sordid Gain, or sinful Hire;  
 No sooner did this Edict pass,  
 But one *Rinaldo* found (alas!)  
 His Wife *Phillippa*, fam'd for Charms,  
 In lusty *Lazarino's* Arms:  
 And with Revenge and Fury fill'd,  
 'Twas Ten to One he both had kill'd,  
 But eager Passion he restrain'd,  
 The bold Adulterers arraign'd;  
 And to the Podestate complain'd.  
 The Judge for Tryal nam'd the Day,  
 And gave her Time to slip away.  
 But she resolv'd to stand it out,  
 In Vain her Kindred went about,  
 By dire Descriptions of the Law,  
 To fright and force her to withdraw:  
 She minded not a Word she heard,  
 One would have sworn, by what appear'd,  
 She thought her Fate would glorious prove,  
 To suffer Martyrdom for Love.

When solemn Day of Tryal came,  
 In Court appear'd the Guilty Dame;

At

C 3

But

But look'd as Chearful, Brisk and Gay,  
As those that Ogle at a Play.

The Judge was in a horrid Fright  
(Tought to the Quick by Charms so bright)  
Least she the Matter would confess,  
Her Case would then be past redress.  
You must be burnt Madam, he said,  
Your Spouse has Information made,  
That you were lately caught by him,  
Committing the *forbidden Crime*,  
*Adultery*, and doubtless you  
Have heard for this what *Death* is Due:  
Consider what you have to say,  
And prudently your Answer weigh.

She said, I freely own the Fact,  
He caught me in the very Act;  
With Joy the pleasing Word I Name,  
For now I glory in my Flame.  
And since my Passion did begin,  
Have often try'd the tempting Sin.  
For this you say I ought to die,  
But you know better, Sir, than I:  
That Laws for publick Justice meant,  
Should pass by *General Consent*:  
And Pray what *Woman* did appear  
To Vote for this? I ne'er could hear,  
Of one that lik'd it; and 'tis hard,  
They should unjustly be debar'd,

Their

Their *Native Right* by a *Decree*,  
 For which they never did agree ;  
 Who are, by bounteous Nature, made,  
 On *us* alone *Restraint* is laid,  
 To give Content to more than one,  
 Which never yet by Man was done.  
 If Prejudice did not prevail,  
 Your solid Wisdom could not fail ;  
 For me this Matter to decide,  
 And to declare the Edict void.  
 But, Sir, if *Death* must be my Doom,  
 Soon let the *welcome Minute come*,  
 Secure, I wait the fatal Blow,  
 Yet first an easy Favour show.  
 Pray ask my Husband, there he stands,  
 If all his *Conjugal Demands*,  
 Have not been answer'd still by me,  
 With an exact *Conformity*.

*Rinaldo* said, I must confess,  
 My Wife did still comply in this;  
 Inclined my wisht Desires to grant,  
 And fond to satisfy my Want.

Observe, Sir, that, *Phillippa* said,  
 Whate'er he wanted still he had ;  
 Then therefore, pray this mighty Pother,  
 If I to gratify another,  
 Employ'd the useless Residue ;  
 Pray Husband what was that to you ?



I, like a Charitable Fair,  
 Bestowing what I had to Spare;  
 Believ'd it better to improve,  
 My growing Overplus of Love,  
 Than suffer envious Marriage Bands  
 To keep it dead upon my Hands.

Her Speech so pleas'd the list'ning Crowd,  
 They clapt their Hands and laugh'd aloud:  
*Rinaldo* durst no longer stay,  
 But hid his Face and sneakt away:  
 And fair *Phillippa*, by her Art,  
 So brib'd the Court to take her Part  
 That to her Side, the Judge did draw,  
 She sav'd her Self and damn'd the Law.







# NEWS from COLCHESTER.

O R,

A SONG on the Carnal Conversation, be-  
twixt a QUAKER and a COLT, at Hor-  
sly, near Colchester in Essex.

To the Tune of, Tom of Bedlam.

I.



LL in the Land of *Essex*,  
Near *Colchester* the Zealous;  
On the Side of a Bank,  
Was play'd such a Prank,  
As would make a Stone-horse Jealous.

II.

Help *Woodcock*, *Fox*, and *Naylor*,  
For Brother *Green*'s a Stallion ;  
Now, alas, what Hope  
Of Converting the *Pope*,  
When a *Quaker* turns *Italian* ?

III. Even

III.

Even to our whole Profession,  
A Scandal 'twill be counted,  
When 'tis talk'd with Disdain,  
Amongst the Prophane,  
How Brother *Green* was mounted.

IV.

And in the good Time of *Christmas*,  
Which though our Saints have damn'd all,  
Yet when did they hear,  
Of a damn'd Cavalier,  
E'er play'd such a *Christmas* Gambol.

V.

Had thy Flesh, O *Green*, been pamper'd  
With any Cates unhallow'd;  
Hadst thou sweet'ned thy Gums,  
With Pottage of Plumbs,  
Or prophane minc'd Pie hadst swallow'd.

VI.

Roll'd up in Wanton Swines-Flesh,  
The Fiend might have crept into thee,  
Then Fulness of Gut,  
Might have caus'd thee to Rut,  
And the Devil have so rid through thee:

VII.

But, alas, he had been feasted  
With a Spiritual Collation,  
By our frugal Mayor,  
Who can dine on a Prayer,  
And sup on an Exhortation.

VIII.

VIII.

'Twas meer impulse of Spirit,  
Though he used the Weapon Carnal,  
Filly Foal, quoth he,  
My Bride you shall be,  
And how this is lawful learn all.

IX.

For if no Respect of Persons  
Be due 'mongst the Sons of *Adam*,  
In a large Extent,  
Thereby may be meant  
That a *Mare's* as good as a *Madam*.

X.

Then without more Ceremony,  
Not Bonnet vail'd, nor kist her,  
But took her by Force  
For Better or Worse,  
And used her like a Sister.

XI.

Now when in such a Saddle  
A Saint will needs be riding,  
Though we dare not say,  
'Tis a falling away,  
May there not be some Backsliding?

XII.

No surely, quoth *James Naylor*,  
'Twas but an Insurrection,

Of the Carnal Part  
For a *Quaker* in Heart,  
Can never lose Perfection.

XIII.

For as (our \* Masters teach us)  
The Intent being well directed,  
Though the Devil trepan  
The *Adamical* Man  
The Saint stands un-infected.

XIV.

But, alas, a *Pagan* Jury  
Ne'er Judges what's intended,  
Then say what we can  
Brother *Green's* outward Man  
I fear will be suspended.

XV.

And our adopted Sister  
Will find no better quarter,  
But when him we Enroll,  
For a Saint, Filly Foal,  
Shall pass herself for a Martyr.

XVI.

*Rome*, that Spiritual *Sodom*,  
No longer is thy Debtor,  
O *Colchester*, now  
Who's *Sodom*, but thou,  
Even according to the Letter.

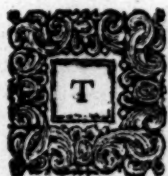
\* The *Jesuits*.

JOHN



# JOHN *and* SUSAN.

*To the Tune of, Noble Race was Shinkin.*



1.  
 WAS in the *Land of Cyder,*  
 A a Place call'd *Brampton-Bryon,*  
 Such a Prank was play'd,  
 'Twixt a Man and a Maid,  
 That all the Saints cry'd fie on.

2.  
 For gentle *John* and *Susan,*  
 Were oft at Recreation :  
 To tell the Truth,  
 This vig'rous Youth,  
 Caus'd a dreadful Conflagration.

3.  
 Both Morning, Noon, and Night, Sir,  
 Brisk *John* was at her Crupper ;

D

He



He got in her Geers,  
Five Times before Pray'rs,  
And Six times after Supper.

4.

*John* being well provided,  
So closely did Solace her,  
That *Susan's* Waste,  
So slackly lac'd,  
Shew'd Signs of Babe of Grace Sir,

5.

But when the Knight perceiv'd,  
That *Susan* had been Sinning,  
And that this Lais,  
For Want of Grace,  
Lov'd Kissing more than Spinning.

6.

To cleanse the House from Scandal,  
And filthy Fornication,  
Of all such Crimes,  
To shew the Times;  
His utter Detestation.

7.

He took his Bed and Bolster,  
Nay Blankets, Sheets, and Pillows,

With

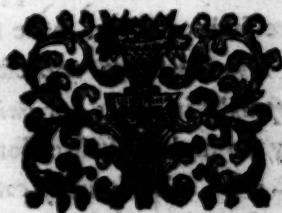
With *Johnny's* Frock,  
And *Susan's* Smock,  
And burnt them in the Kiln-House.

8.

And every vile Utensil,  
On which they had been wicked ;  
As Chairs, Joint-Stools,  
Old Trunks, Close-Stools,  
And eke the three legg'd Cricket.

9.

But had each Thing defiled,  
Been burnt at *Brampton Bryon*,  
We all must grant,  
The Knight wou'd want,  
Himself a Bed to lie on.



With

D 2

THE



THE  
IMPOSSIBILITY;

O R,

*The* COMBAT *of the* SENSES.



WHEN on thy *Form* I cast my ravish'd Eye!  
I think no Bliss could want of Sight supply;  
Or, when the Musick of thy Voice I hear  
My Soul is all collected in my *Ear* !

What envious Darkness wou'd in vain deny  
Th' Attentive Faculty doth well supply :  
Thy Charms are such each can make known the rest,  
And all by One is to the Sense exprest ;  
Whether thou *speak'st* in *Looks*, or *smil'st* in *Words*,  
The present Joy no higher Wish affords  
But when—— Oh! who Infinity can speak!  
*Imagination* owns itself too weak,  
When with fond circling Grasp my straining Arms,  
Press to my Bosom thy whole Heaven of Charms,

When

When all ! *at once* ! a Thousand Ways I prove,  
 Which make, indeed, *Divinity in Love* !  
 My ravish'd Heart tumultuous Pleasure swells,  
 Nor Fear, nor Shame, the unruly Rapture quells ;  
 With wild delight each hurry'd Sense alarm'd,  
 'Tis Insolence to say which most is charm'd ;  
 Each Look, each Word, each Touch, each melting Kiss,  
 Gives raging Extacy ! — Distracting Bliss !  
 Amidst that Sea of Wonders *Thought* is lost,  
 My Soul no more can nice *Distinction* boast,  
 Excess of Transport does itself destroy,  
 And Life flies trembling from the o'erpouring Joy.



O N

# Dr. GODDARD's Drops.

By Dr. Baynard.



IF Juice of Man's Bones have such Sovereign  
 Power  
 What store of Cordial does a Whore de-  
 vour ?

And if a Whore be with such Liquor fill'd,  
 What must a — be when it is destill'd ?

D 3

T O



To Mr. ——— of Lincoln's-Inn, *passionately in Love with a Coffee-Woman's Daughter, in Imitation of Part of the 4th Ode of the 2d Book of Horace.*

1.



RIEND *Will* ne'er think it to thy  
Sha me,  
To Court so Fair, tho' Mean a Dame,  
When thou'rt so well succeeding.

*Briseis* once *Achilles* mov'd,  
And *Ajax* too *Temessa* lov'd,  
Tho' not of better breeding.

2.

Great *Agamemnon's* Self we find  
(Alike to restless Love inclin'd)  
The same Desires to have;  
Thro' armed Ranks bold *Cupid* flies,



At th' Head of Glittering Squadron dies,  
The *Monarch* for a Slave.

3.

You know not but the *beauteous Dame*  
To richer Blood may lay a Claim.

Which may exalt thy Line:

She must be sprung of Nobler Race,  
And well may mourn her present Case,  
At her hard Fate repine.

4.

Of Race Obscure can she be born,  
Whom all the Graces, thus adorn,  
With Charms in ev'ry Part?

Tho' plain and mean in her Attire,  
In ev'ry Breast she moves Desire,  
And Captivates the Heart.

5.

Her well *turn'd Shape*, her *decent Mien*,  
Her *taper Leg*, scarce safely seen,

I silently pass o'er;

But be not mov'd with Jealousy,  
Because you know full well that I,  
Am Turn'd of Forty Four.



# The ROSE, an ODE.

*Written in the Stile and Manner of Anacreon.*



H A T cruel Hand my sweetest Rose,  
So rashly could thy Beauties treat ?  
Stranger ask not, he that knows,  
May the same sad Treatment meet.

'Twas *Belinda* ravish'd me  
From my tender Parents Side,  
This Morning : 'Ere the Genial Ray  
Had discover'd half my Pride.

Thro' my thin Foliage closely wove,  
She softly breath'd the spicy Gale,  
Hers are the Odours round you rove ;  
Hers the Perfume I exhale.

Then o'er my System light she bent,  
And with her living Rubies press'd it,

The

The glowing Gems their Colour lent,  
And in a double Crimson dress'd it.

She plac'd me in her snowy Neck,  
Just where the panting Orbs divide:  
And what thou hidest thou shalt deck  
To day, dear pretty Flow'r, she cry'd.

My White, thy Blushes shall display;  
My Coldness animate thy Fire:  
There flourish from rude Fingers free,  
Where Thousands gladly would expire.

I bow'd; she smil'd; now in a Ring  
Danc'd jocund; now in wanton Mazes;  
'Till at last the fickle Thing  
Us'd me thus, to please some Daifies.

Stranger, ask not of the Fair,  
How she's nam'd, or where she's seen,  
She's the brightest Nymph that e'er  
Tript it o'er the Velvet Green.

Yet for the Daisy Love, that's new,  
She'll forsake the finest Rose,  
If Destruction you pursue,  
By the Marks the Fair disclose.

On



*On a Gentleman's Illness, occasioned by  
his Familiarity with a very handsome  
Woman.*

*Malus abstulit Error.*



N Am'rous Person (*Damon* by the by,)  
Beheld *Corinna* with a longing Eye;  
Pleas'd with her Charms at distance could  
not gaze :

But enter'd in the Circle of her Rays,  
A Rash Attempt. He suffer'd for the same,  
There's no abiding an Eternal Flame,  
Mis'ry attends upon a vain Desire,  
The Youth receeded with his Torch on fire,  
Tho' to extinguish it he greatly strove,  
He yet was ruin'd by the Flames of Love.  
So *Prometheus* kindled at the Sun,  
A Ferula by stealth, and was undone.

T H E



THE  
BASHFUL LOVER.



ON a Bank of Flow'rs, in a Summers Day,  
Inviting and undrest,  
In her Bloom of Years, bright *Celia* lay,  
With Love and Sleep oppress'd;

When a youthful Swain with ad-mi-ring Eyes,  
Wish'd he durst the fair Maid Sur—prize,

*With a fa, la, la, &c.*

But fear'd approaching Spies.

2.

As he gaz'd a gentle Breeze arose,

That fann'd her Robes aside;

And the sleeping Nymph did the Charms disclose,

Which, waking, she would hide.

Then his Breath grew short, and his Pulse beat high,

He long'd for to touch what he chanc'd to spy;

*With a fa, la, la, &c.*

3.

All amaz'd he stood with her Beauties fir'd,

And blest the Courteous Wind;

Then

HE



Then in Whispers sigh'd, and the Gods desir'd,  
That *Celia* might be kind.

Then with Hope grown bold he advanc'd amain,  
But she laugh'd aloud in a Dream, and again,

*With a fa, la, la, &c.*

Repell'd the tim'rous Swain.

4.

Yet when once Desire has inflam'd the Soul,  
All modest Doubts withdraw ;

And the God of Love does each Fear controul,  
That would the Lover awe.

Shall a Prize like this, says the vent'rous Boy,  
'Scape, and I not the Means employ,

*With a fa, la, la, &c.*

To seize the proffer'd Joy ?

5.

Here the glowing Youth to relieve his Pain,  
The Slum'bring Maid caress'd ;

And with trembling Hands, (O the simple Swain !)

Her glowing Bosom press'd :

When the Virgin wak'd, and affrighted flew,  
Yet look'd as wishing he would pursue,

*With a fa, la, la, &c.*

But *Damon* miss'd his Cue.

6.

Now repenting that he had let her fly,  
Himself he thus accus'd ;

What

What a dull and stupid Thing was I,  
That such a Chance abus'd!  
To my Shame 'twill now on the Plains be said,  
Damon a Virgin asleep betray'd,

*With a fa, la, la, &c.*

Yet let her go a Maid.



A SONG, in the Praise of Claret.

**I**N Spight of Love at length I find  
A Mistress that can please me;  
Her Humour free and unconfin'd,  
Both Night and Day she'll ease me.

No jealous Thoughts disturb my Mind,  
Tho' she's enjoy'd by all Mankind;  
Then Drink and never spare it.

'Tis a Bottle of good Claret.

*Chorus. Then Drink, &c.*

If you thro' all her naked Charms,  
Her little Mouth discover,  
Then take her blushing to your Arms,  
And use her like a Lover;

Part II.

E

Such

Such Liquor she'll distill from thence  
As will transport your ravish'd Sense ;

Then kiss and never Spare it,  
'Tis a Bottle of good Claret.

*Chorus.*

*Then kiss, &c.*

But best of all she has no Tongue,

Submissive she obeys me ;

She's fully better Old than Young,

And still to smiling sways me :

Her Skin is like ooth, Complexion black,

And has a most delicious Smack,

Then kiss and never spare it,

'Tis a Bottle of good Claret.

*Chorus.*

*Then kiss, &c.*

If you her Excellence would taste,

Be sure you use her kind, Sir,

Clap your Hand above her waste,

And raise her up behind, Sir :

As for her Bottom never doubt,

Push but Home, and you'll find it out.

Then Drink and never spare it,

'Tis a Bottle of good Claret.

*Chorus.*

*Then Drink, &c.*

T H E



# THE FARMER'S SON.



WEET Nelly, my Heart's Delight,  
Be loving and do not flight,  
The Proffer I make, for Modesty's Sake,  
I honour your Beauty bright :

For Love, I profess, I can do no less,  
Thou hast my Favour won ;  
And since I see your Modesty  
I pray agree, and Fan'cy me,  
Though I'm but a Farmer's Son.

2.

No: I am a Lady gay ;  
'Tis very well known, I may  
Have Men of Renown, in Country or Town:  
So Roger, without Delay,  
Court Bridget, or Sue, Kate, Nancy, or Prue,  
Their Loves will soon be won ;  
But don't you dare, to speak me fair  
As if I were at my last Prayer,  
To marry a Farmer's Son.

E 2

3. My

3.

My Father has Riches store,  
Two Hundred a Year and more;  
Besides Sheep and Cows, Carts, Harrows and Ploughs:  
His Age is above Threescore.  
And when he does die, then merrily I,  
Shall have what he has won;  
Both Land and Kine, all shall be thine,  
If thou'lt incline, and wil't be mine,  
And marry a Farmer's Son.

4.

*A Fig for your Cattle and Corn.*  
*Your proffer'd Love I scorn,*  
*'Tis known very well, my Name it is Nell,*  
*And you're but a Bumpkin born.*  
Well since it is so, away I will go,  
And hope no Harm is done;  
Farewel; adieu; I hope to woe,  
As good as you, and win her too,  
Though I'm but a Farmer's Son.

5.

*Be not in such Haste, quoth she,*  
*Perhaps we may still agree;*  
For Man I protest, I was but in Jest;  
Come pr'ythee sit down by me,  
For thou art the Man, that verily can  
Perform what must be done,  
Both strait and tall, genteel withal,  
Therefore I shall be at your Call,  
To marry a Farmer's Son.

6. Dear



6.

Dear Lady believe me now,  
I solemnly fwear, and vow,  
No Lords in their Lives, take Pleasure in Wives,  
Like Fellows that drive the Plough ;  
For whate'er they gain with Labour and Pain,  
They don't to Harlots run,  
As Courtiers do. I never knew,  
A London Beau that could out do,  
A Country Farmer's Son.



# THE HAPPY BEGGARS.

*ing in the Opera of the Beggar's Wedding:  
To the Tune, Talk no more of Whig and Tory.*

**H**OW blest are Beggar's Lasses,  
Who never toil for Treasure,  
We know no Care but how to share,  
Each Day's successive Pleasure.

Drink away, lets be gay,  
Beggars blifs will still abound,  
Mirth and Joy ne'er can cloy,  
Whilst the sparkling Glas goes round.

*First*

*First Woman.*

A Fig for gaudy Fashions,  
No want of Cloaths oppresses ;  
We live at ease with Rags and Fleas,  
We value not our Dresses .

*Drink away,*

*Second Woman.*

We scorn all Ladies Washes,  
With which they spoil each Feature ;  
No Patch, or Paint, our Beauties taint,  
We live in simple Nature.

*Drink away,*

*Third Woman.*

No Cholick, Spleen, or Vapours,  
At Night and Morning tease us ;  
We drink not Tea, or Ratifia,  
When Sick, a Dram can ease us.

*Drink away,*

*Fourth Woman.*

What Ladies act in private  
By Nature's soft Compliance,  
We think no Crime, when in our Prime,  
To kiss without a Licence.

*Drink away,*

*Fifth Woman.*

We know no Shame, or Scandal,  
The Beggar's Law befriends us ;  
We all agree in Liberty,  
And Poverty defends us.

*Drink away,*

*Sixth Woman.*

Like Jolly Beggar Wenches,  
Thus, thus we drown all Sorrow ;  
We live to Day and ne'er delay,  
Our Pleasure 'till to-morrow.

*Drink away, &c.*



A N

INVITATION *into the Country.*

*To the Tune of, All ye Ladies now at Land.*



O you fair Ladies now in Town,  
We Country-men do write,  
And do invite you to come down,  
To taste of our Delight.  
The Weather's fine, the Fields are gay,  
And 'tis the pleasant Month of May.

*Fa, la, la.*

2.

The Country's now in all its Pride,  
New drest in lovely Green ;  
The Earth with various Colours dy'd,  
Displays a lovely Scene ;

A

A Thousand pretty Flowers appear,  
To deck your Bosom and your Hair.

*Fa, la, &c.*

3.

The Cuckow's pick'd up all the Dirt,  
The Trees are all in Bloom ;  
If rural Musick can divert,  
Each Bush affords a Tune :  
The Turtle's heard in every Grove,  
And Milk-maids sing their Songs of Love.

*Fa, la, &c.*

4.

Could we perswade you to come down,  
Our Joys wou'd be compleat ;  
Dear Ladies leave the noisy Town,  
And to our Shades retreat :  
Wou'd you but in our Shades appear,  
You'd make our Fields *Elizium* here,

*Fa, la, &c.*

5.

We'll show you all our Couflip Meads,  
And pleasant Woods and Springs ;  
And lead you to the tuneful Shades,  
Where *Philomela* sings.  
Sweet *Philomel* whose warbling Throat,  
Excels your *Senefino's* Note.

*Fa, la, &c.*

6.

For you we deck and trim our Bowr's,  
And make our Gardens fine ;

For

For you preserve our choicest Flow'rs,  
That now are in their Prime;

The murm'ring Brooks accuse your Stay,  
And Zephyrs sigh for your Delay.

*Fa, la, &c.*

7.

Come then, and take our Morning Air,  
Just rose from flow'ry Beds;

'Tis better than your Snuff by far,  
And all Perfumes exceeds;

Our Evening Walks more Pleasures bring,  
Then the gay Park and crowded Ring.

*Fa, la, &c.*

8.

For your own Sakes, if not for ours,

The dusty Town forego,

Fresh Air will give your Eyes new Pow'rs,

And make each Beauty glow;

'Twill to the Lilly add the Rose,

And ev'ry brighter Charm disclose.

*Fa, la, &c.*

9.

But why do we give this Advice?

'Twas indiscreetly done;

Like sending of our Foes Supplies,

By whom we are undone.

'Tis adding to your Charms new Pow'r,

Who had to much of that before.

*Fa, la, &c.*

On

&c.

&c.

&c.

&c.

For





On the Taking St. M A R I E S  
A P O E M.



H E N *Lewis* strove, as all agree,  
For Universal Monarchy ;  
And thro' his Cunning bore such Sway,  
That kept all *Europe* at a Bay,  
Imposing on the *Spanish* Throne,  
A Baby Grandson of his own ;  
One that himself knows how to rule,  
As a Quack Doctor does his Fool,  
Who must with ev'ry Whim comply,  
Design'd to cheat the Standers by.

'Twas then the *Dutch* and *English* Fleet,  
With Force unconquerably Great,  
Rid uncontroul'd upon the Main,  
And steer'd a joyful Course to *Spain*,  
In hopes all to return (God bless us)  
As Rich as *Solomon*, or *Craesus* ;  
But for some Reasons yet unknown,  
The mighty Deed remains undone.

Tho'

Tho' the Design was well projected,  
 It did not prove as we expected:  
 Some say the Cause we did not speed,  
 Was, that some merry Rogues in Red  
 Grew tipsy with the Noble Juice,  
 Which Vineyards yield for human Use;  
 And Cocking then their little Guns,  
 They made a fally on the Nuns:  
 O'er-run the Pious Heav'nly Maids,  
 Tho' arm'd with Crucifix and Beads,  
 Then flung them on their Backs, some tell-ye,  
 And basely stab'd them in the Belly,  
 The Heroes drew, push'd home upon 'em,  
 And sev'ral Inches in they run 'em:  
 Whilst they, poor Souls, had nothing else,  
 But *Scabbards* to defend themselves;  
 Which is no Safeguard, we must own,  
 Against a Blade that's ready drawn;  
 Yet some among the Godly Lasses,  
 So fence'd they put by many Passes;  
 Whilst others at the Victor's Foot,  
 Sprawling, upon their backs, cry'd out,  
 Nay, if I must be kill'd, I must,  
 And so submitted to the Thrust.  
 These holy Sisters knew full well,  
 There was no Fence against a Flail;  
 That Conqu'rors will do what they would do,  
 And so comply'd as Women shou'd do.

Tho' Al tho' the Soldiers won the Day,  
 And all the Nuns at Mercy lay,

Whilst

Whilst ev'ry Hero ('till appear'd)  
 Stuck his fair Captive as he pleas'd;  
 Yet the Success fell out to cross,  
 Our Side sustain'd the greatest Loss;  
 And 'tis affirm'd in News from *Cadiz*,  
 That none were Gainers but the Ladies.

But now to let you know what pass,  
 Betwixt both Sides at first and last,  
 The Matter shall be fairly stated,  
 How several Nuns capitulated;  
 How some kind Heroes gain'd upon 'em,  
 And by soft Elocution won 'em.  
 Who scorning Force laid by their Swords,  
 And try'd the pleasing Pow'r of Words;  
 A Gallant Youth who led the Van,  
 With his fair Victim, thus began:

Bright Innocence, the Fate of War,  
 Has destin'd me your Conqueror;  
 But yet, fair Soul, those Charming Eyes,  
 Have made me Captive by Surprize;  
 You need not for Compassion sue,  
 'Tis I must Mercy ask of you;  
 The Sweetness in your Looks I see,  
 Does bind me fast, but you are free;  
 Therefore, 'twou'd be but just and kind,  
 To shew the Mercy you would find  
 From him who might by Conquest claim,  
 What now he craves to cool his Flame.

But you the Victor's Pow'r shall have,  
 And I your Victim and your Slave,  
 Will only beg at your fair Hand,  
 Those Favours which I could Command.  
 The Charming Creature much afraid,  
 In Tears replied to what he said;

Most Noble Youth, each gentle Word,  
 Prevails, beyond the fear of Sword;  
 But tho' you've kindly us'd me thus,  
 You still may prove more Generous;  
 Consider I'm a harmless Maid,  
 And know not how you'd be obey'd,  
 Bred up in these Monastick Weeds,  
 Devoted to my Prayers and Beads,  
 Young, Innocent, and never taught  
 To entertain one evil Thought.  
 Religion is my daily Task,  
 I know not what it is you ask:  
 Consent to Ill you must excuse,  
 I'd rather you your Force should use;  
 For if by rugged Violence,  
 You take from my weak Innocence,  
 What I consent not to resign,  
 The Sin is wholly Yours, not Mine.  
 If it be sinful, I deny;  
 If inoffensive, I comply.

Madam, the gentle Youth reply'd,  
 You steer tow'rd's Rocks you would avoid;

F

And

And into greater Evils run,  
 Than those you are about to shun.  
 For if it can be no Offence,  
 T'enjoy sweet Virgin Innocence;  
 T'attempt your Chastity by Force,  
 For Certain makes the Crime the worse.  
 Therefore if you such Violence chuse,  
 That's wicked for a Man to use,  
 Which you so eas'ly may prevent,  
 By kindly giving your Consent,  
 Heav'n at your Door the Guilt will lay,  
 Because you chose the sinful'st Way.  
 Then close he hugs her in his Arms,  
 And makes a Trespas on her Charms.  
 O dearest Youth don't use me so,  
 Forbear your Force and let me go;  
 I will, I vow, I will resign,  
 O do not let the Sin be mine.

The next was one of courser Mold,  
 By Wine made merry, Brisk and Bold,  
 Who catching hold on holy Sister,  
 Address'd her thus, but first he kist her.  
 Madam, says he, I vow and swear,  
 You are so young, so soft and fair,  
 That I'd not lose this precious Minute,  
 For Paradice and all that's in it,  
 Therefore, my Dear, to deal ingenuous,  
 I will be *Mars* you must be *Venus*,

And



And in this very House, or Mansion,  
Wee'l enter into close Conjunction ;  
Be free and I shall soon dispatch you,  
I'm cock'd and prim'd and must have at you.

Lord, Sir, the pretty Nun cry'd out,  
I hope you're not design'd to shoot ;  
I'll grant you all, you can desire,  
But do not, do not, do not Fire ;  
For if you should I'm fore afraid,  
You'll kill me, oh, you'll kill me dead.

Next these appear'd a spruce Caddee,  
A Beau of wond'rous Nicety,  
Who pats his Captive on the Cheek,  
And thus the Fop begins to Speak ;  
Dar, pritty Phubs, I vow to gad,  
You Ladies make us Soldiers mad.  
What frigid Mortal can forbear,  
Sweet Beauty so devout and fair ;  
Nay, frame not such an angry Face ;  
I must attack your gart'ring Place.

*Excuse me, Sir ; O let me go,  
How can you use a Virgin so ?  
To no immodest Freedoms given,  
But wedded for her Life to Heaven.*  
Cotzooks, my Dear, why, what's the Meaning ?  
By all that's Sacred here's no Linnen,

And

F 2

Why

Why prithee, Madam, what a Pox,  
 Are Nuns allow'd to wear no Smocks ?  
 No, Sir, the trembling fair one cry'd,  
 We humour not our Ease, or Pride,  
 We wear courle Woollens next our Skins,  
 As Pennance for our lesser Sins.  
 Pray, Madam, give me leave to tell you,  
 By th' L — d I fancy that I smell you,  
 Like an old Goat methinks you're frousy,  
 Besides, my Dear, I fear you're lousy :  
 Faith, Madam, you may keep for me,  
 Your sanctify'd Virginity.  
 What Sloven do you think would use it,  
 Since you can't make one Shift to lose it ?  
 Give me good clean fine *Holland Linnen*,  
 Fit for a Gentleman to sin in.  
 No Smocks, ad take me, I'd as soon,  
 Cajole a Beggar as a Nun.

Come, Madam, says a Stander by,  
 That saw the Beau so nice and shy,  
 I've seen as good as he, by Troth,  
 Make a good Meal without a Cloth.  
 Faith, Madam, keener Appetites,  
 Will jump at what his Stomach flights.  
 And I my Self am glad to choose,  
 Those Blessings he disdain'd to use.

Have pity on a Maid she cries,  
 Dear Sir, that at your Mercy lies ;

Pollute

Pollute not helpless Innocence,  
 Forbear that crying black Offence.

Wounds, Madam, says the merry Blade,  
 Woman for th' Use of Man was made ;  
 The Innocence you plead's a jest,  
 You would not talk so to a Priest ;  
 I know you Nuns are but a Sort,  
 Of Pious Wagtails for the Sport,  
 Of Brawny Monks, and Priests design'd,  
 Your cloyster'd Life is but a Blind.  
 Therefore, my Dear, be not so shy,  
 You know what's what as well as I.  
 Therefore don't struggle but lie still,  
 I vow and swear, I must and will.

Nay, Sir, reply'd the Charming Saint,  
 If you're so resolutely bent,  
 In me its Folly to contend,  
 I must submit, and there's an End.  
 But don't, Dear Sir, nay, don't, forbear,  
 Laud, what d'ye do, O there, O there.  
 Nay, now I'll swear. you've quite undone,  
 A Nun, O fie, a Nun, a Nun.



THE

*Presbyterian* WEDDING.

1.



Certain Presbyterian Pair  
Were wedded t'other Day;  
And when in Bed the Lambs were laid,  
Their Pastor came to Pray;

But first he bade each Guest depart,  
Nor Sacred Rites prophane;  
For carnal Eyes such Mysteries  
Can never entertain.

2

Then with a puritanick Air,  
Unto the Lord he pray'd  
That he would please to grant Encrease  
To that same Man and Maid;  
And that the Husbandman might dress  
Full well the Vine his Wife;  
And like a Vine she still might twine  
About him all her Life.

3.

Sack Posset then he gave them both,  
And said, with lifted Eyes,

Blest

Blest of the Lord, with one Accord,

Begin your Enterprize.

The Bridegroom then drew near his Spouse,

To apply prolifick Balm,

And while they strove in mutual Love,

• The *Parson* sung a Psalm.

*An EPITAPH on a Maid of Honour.*

**H**ere lies, the Lord have Mercy upon her,  
One of her Majesty's Maids of Honour.

She was both Slender, Tall and Pretty

She died a Maid, alas! the more's the Pitty.

*On one Humphry Briggs, who had 3 Wives.*

**H**ere lies *Sarah, Mary, and Elizabeth Briggs,*

And *Humphry* their Husband, who hum'd all  
their Gigs.

*On an Old Usurer.*

**H**ere lies ten in the Hundred in the Ground Fast-  
ram'd,

'Tis a hundred to Ten, if he is not damn'd.

T O



*To a Young L A D Y, who appeared frequently Leaning out of her Window.*



WHEN *Venus* naked from the Sea arose,  
 She did not half so many Charms expose;  
 Nor when for the decisive Fruit she strove  
 Shew'd *Paris* half so rich a View of Love.  
 Nay, when she clasp'd *Adonis* in her Arms,  
 The melting Goddess had not half your Charms;  
 Less firm her snowy Breasts, her Skin less white,  
 Her lovely Limbs less tempting to Delight.  
 How shall we then express those Charms below  
 Which you and Nature both forbear to show?  
 So fair an Hostess, and so fair a Sign,  
 Would force a Trade, and recommend bad Wine:  
 Water from such a Spring is sweeter far,  
 Than all the Clusters of the Vintage are.  
 Let *Bacchanalians* and the empty Beau,  
 Hunt out *Champaign*, *Burgundy*, and *Bordeau*,  
 To fetch some Drops from that dear shady Well,  
 Won'd all the *Nectar* of the God's excel.  
 Your Eyes assure us that you can dispence,  
 Peculiar Joys for each peculiar Sense.  
 Then having let us see, pray let us taste  
 Those dear conceal'd Delights below the waste:

Twere Madnes to expect to keep ones Heart,  
 When *Cupid* lies intrench'd in ev'ry Part.  
 How shall we guard our Freedom from Surprize,  
 When your least Charms are in your Conqu'ring Eyes?

# A M I N T A.



*MINTA* led me to a Grove,  
 Where all the Trees did shade us;  
 The Sun itself, tho' it had strove,  
 It could not have betray'd us;  
 The Place secur'd from human Eyes,

No other Fear allows;  
 But when the Wind doth gently rise  
 To Kiss the yielding Boughs.

2.

Down there we sat upon the Moss,  
 And did begin to play,  
 A Thousand wanton Tricks to pass,  
 The Heat of all the Day;  
 And many Kisses he did give,  
 And I return'd the same,  
 Which made me willing to receive,  
 The Thing I dare not Name.

3. His

His Charming Eyes no Aid requir'd,  
 To tell their Am'rous Tale,  
 On her that was already fir'd,  
 'Twas easy to prevail :  
 He did but kiss and clasp me round,  
 Whilst those his Thoughts express'd,  
 And laid me gently on the Ground,  
 Oh ! who can guess the rest ?



THE  
 TAYLOR'S CURSE.

*Being made on a Constable who took up*  
 JAMES SPILLER.



AY Rats and Mice  
 Consume his Shreds,  
 His Patterns and his Measures ;  
 May Nits and Lice,  
 Infest his Beds,  
 And Care confound his Pleasures.

May his long Bills  
 Be never paid,  
 And may his Help-Mate horn him : May

May all his Ills  
Be publick made,  
And may his Watchmen scorn him.

May Cucumbers  
Be all his Food,  
And Small-Beer be his Liquer.  
Lustful Desires  
Still fire his Blood,  
But may his Reins grow weaker.

When Old, may he  
Reduced be,  
From Constable to Beadle,  
And live until  
He cannot feel  
His Thimble from his Needle.



# The COQUET.



*HLOE*, a Coquet in her Prime,  
The vaineſt ſickleſt Thing alive.  
Behold the ſtrange Effects of Time,  
Marries, and doats at Forty-five.  
Thus Weathercocks, which, for a while,  
Have turn'd about with every Blaſt,

Grown

Grown Old, and destitute of Oyl,  
Rust to a Point and fix at last.

mid most amulata W id year bud.



# VERSES *made at* Crambo



Be kind my dear *Chloe*, let's Kiss and let

(Love

Let our Favourite Guide be the Sparrow

(and Dove

Tho' Adam was dull, 'till *God* gave him a Pair

Yet he quickly found out what to do with his Fair

He ne'er stood complaining and whining in Rhyme

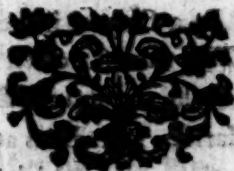
But was wiser, and knew what to do with his Time

He quickly took every Thing by the right Handle

The Grass was his Bed, and the Sun was his Candle

Then I leave you to guess what he did with his Dear

When Eve had no Shame, and he had no Fear



TH





THE

# *Imperfect* INJOYMENT.



*Ruination* was the Question in Debate,  
Which like so hot a Casuist I state,  
That she my Freedom urg'd as my Offence  
To teach my Reason to subdue my Sense ;

But yet this angry Cloud, that did proclaim,  
Vollies of Thunder, melted into Rain ;  
And this adult'rate Stamp of seeming nice,  
Made feigned Virtue but a Bawd to Vice ;  
For, by a Compliment that's seldom known,  
She thrusts me out, and yet invites me Home ;  
And these Denials but advance Delight,  
As Prohibition sharpens Appetite ;  
For the kind Curtain raising my Esteem,  
To wonder at the Op'ning of the Scene,  
When of her Breast her Hands the Guardians were,  
Yet I salute each sullen Officer ;

Tho' like the flaming Sword before my Eyes,  
They block the Passage to my Paradise ;  
Nor could those Tyrant-hands so guard the Coin,  
But Love, where't cannot purchase, may purloin ;

Part II.

G

For

T H

For tho' her Breasts are hid, her Lips are Prize,  
 To make me rich beyond my Avarice:  
 Yet my Ambition my Affection fed,  
 To conquer both the *White Rose* and the *Red*.  
 Th' Event prov'd true, for on the Bed she sate,  
 And seem'd to court what she had seem'd to hate;  
 Heat of Resistance had increas'd her Fire,  
 And weak Defence is turn'd to strong Desire;  
 What unkind Influence could interpose,  
 When Two such Stars did in Conjunction close?  
 Only too hasty Zeal my Hopes did foil,  
 Pressing to feed her Lamp, I spilt my Oil;  
 And that which most Reproach upon me hurl'd,  
 Was dead to her, gives Life to all the World,  
 Nature's chief Prop, and Motion's primeest Source,  
 In me lost both their Figure and their Force;  
 Sad Conquest when it is the Victor's Fate  
 To die at th' Entrance of the op'ning Gate!  
 Like prudent Corporations, had we laid  
 A common Stock by, we'ad improv'd our Trade:  
 But as a Prodigal Heir, I spent by th'bye,  
 What, Home directed, would serve her and I.  
 When next in such Assaults I chance to be,  
 Give me less Vigour, more Activity,  
 For Love turns impotent, when strain'd too high;  
 His very Cordials make him sooner die;  
 Evaporates in Fume the Fire too great:  
 Love's Chymistry thrives best in equal Heat.

A  
 GAME of BACK-GAMMON,  
 Play'd by  
 My LORD and my LADY.

*To the Tune of Jolly Roger Twankdillow of  
 Ploughden-Hill.*

I.



HE Buxom young Widow has lost the first  
 Game,  
 Because that her Dice were unkind;  
 But like a true Gamester, she'll venture again  
 In hopes they will run to her Mind:  
 Resolving to venture,  
 Tho' she may repent her,  
 And come of a Looser at last;  
 She'll hazard the same,  
 And stand t'other Game,  
 To pleasure again  
 Her Merkin, her Jerkin, and her Water-Firkin,  
 A Pleasure she longeth to taste.

A

G 2

2. Cinque

2.

*Cinque Trea*, the first Night,  
 Did yield her Delight,  
 And she made a Point with the same ;  
*Size-Ace* the next Throw, or she's ruin'd quite,  
 And in danger of loosing the Game :  
 See how bad her Case is,  
 For up came *Two Aces*,  
 And she is not pleased at all,  
*Adieu my Delight ;*  
*I'm gammon'd Out-right ;*  
*What no more to Night*  
*For my Merkin, my Jerkin, and my Water-Firkin,*  
*My Lord your Two Aces are small.*

3.

*My Lord, you do Wrong me, in Cheating me so,*  
*And I will not yield you the Game :*  
*Come handle the Dice, and take t'other Throw ;*  
*I'm ready to venture the same.*  
*But my Lord wou'd not venture*  
*To throw at her Center,*  
*He had no more Aces to Play ;*  
*Says she, my Lord, you*  
*Shall have a Cornu ;*  
*For I'll have my due*  
*For my Merkin, my Jerkin, and my Water-Firkin,*  
*Or you shall sing Cuckoe to Day.*

4. Ho

*Hold Madam, says he, I'll take t'other Hit;*

*Come take up the Dice in your Hand,*

*And Jog 'em, or Cog 'em, or what you think fit;]*

*I fear I'm not able to stand;*

*Then mind what came after,*

*For up came a Quator;*

*And she took him up with that Cast:*

*He threw in vain.*

*To enter again;*

*So she got the Game,*

*With her Merkin, her Jerkin, and her Water-Firkin,*

*And she was well pleas'd at the last.*



# A SONG to CHLORIS from the BLIND ARCHER.

I.



*H! Chloris, 'tis Time to disarm your  
bright Eyes,*

*And to lay by those terrible Glances,*

*We live in an Age that's more civil and  
wise,*

*Than to follow the Rules of Romances.*

G 3

II. When



When once your round Bubbies begin but to pout,  
 They'll allow you no long Time of Courting;  
 And you'll find it a very hard Task to hold out,  
 For all Maidens are Mortal at Fourteen.



*On a Juniper-Tree, cut down to make*  
**BUSKS.**



**W**HILST happy I, triumphant stood,  
 The Pride and Glory of the Wood,  
 My Aromatick Boughs and Fruit  
 Did with all other Trees dispute;  
 Had Right by Nature to excel,  
 In pleasing both the Taste and Smell;  
 But to the Touch I must confess,  
 Bore an unwilling Sullenness.  
 My Wealth, like bashful Virgins, I,  
 Yielding with some Reluctancy;  
 For which my Value should be more,  
 Nor giving easily to my Store.  
 My verdant Branches all the Year  
 Did an eternal Beauty wear,  
 Did ever young and gay appear;  
 Nor needed any Tribute pay,  
 For Bounties from the God of Day.  
 Nor do I hold Supremacy,  
 In all the Wood, o'er ev'ry Tree,

But

But ev'n those two of my own Race,  
 That grew not in this happy Place.  
 But that in which I glory most,  
 And do my Self with Reason boast.  
 Beneath my Shade the other Day  
 Young *Philocles* and *Chloris* lay.  
 Upon my Root he plac'd her Head,  
 And where I grew, he made her Bed;  
 Their trembling Limbs did gently press  
 The kind supporting yielding Moss,  
 Ne'er half so blest'd as now to bear  
 A Swain so young, a Nymph so fair.  
 My grateful Shade I kindly lent,  
 And ev'ry aiding Bough I bent  
 So low, as sometimes had the Bliss  
 To rob the Shepherd of a Kiss;  
 Whilst he in Pleasures far above  
 The Sence of that Degree of Love,  
 Permitted every Stealth I made,  
 Unjealous of his Rival Shade.  
 I saw them kindled to Desire,  
 Whilst with soft Sighs they blew the Fire;  
 Saw the Approaches of their Joy,  
 He grew more fierce, and she less coy:  
 Saw how they mingled melting Rays,  
 Exchanging Love a thousand Ways.  
 Kind was the Force on ev'ry Side;  
 Her new Desires she could not hide,  
 Nor would the Shepherd be deny'd.  
 Impatient, he waits no Consent,  
 But what she gave by Languishment.

But

The

The blest'd Minute he persu'd  
 Whilst Love her Fear, and Shame subdu'd ;  
 And now transported in his Arms,  
 Yields to the Conqu'ror all her Charms.  
 His panting Breast to her's now join'd,  
 They feast on Raptures unconfin'd ;  
 Vast and luxuriant such as prove  
 The Immortality of Love.  
 For, who but a Divinity  
 Could mingle Souls to that Degree,  
 And melt 'em into Extasy ?  
 Where, like the Phoenix, both expire,  
 Whilst from the Ashes of the Fire,  
 Sprung up a new and soft Desire.  
 Like Charmers, thrice they did invoke  
 The God, and thrice new Vigour took ;  
 And had the Nymph been half so kind,  
 As was the Shepherd well inclin'd,  
 The Myst'ry had not ended there,  
 But *Chloris* re-assum'd her Fear,  
 And chid the Swain for having prest  
 What she (alass !) could not resist ;  
 Whilst he, in whom Love's sacred Flame  
 Before and after was the same,  
 Humbly implores she would forget  
 That Fault, which he would yet repeat.  
 From active Joys with Shame they haste  
 To a Reflection on the past ;  
 A thousand Times the Covert bless,  
 That did secure their Happiness.

Their

Their Gratitude to ev'ry Tree  
 They pay, but most to happy me.  
 The Shepherdess my Bark caress'd,  
 Whilst he my Root, (Love's Pillows) kiss'd,  
 And did with Sighs their Fate deplore,  
 Since I must shelter 'em no more.  
 And if before my Joys were such,  
 In having seen and heard so much,  
 My Grief must be as great and high,  
 When all abandon'd I must lie,  
 Doom'd to a silent Destiny;  
 No more the am'rous Strife to hear,  
 The Shepherd's Vows, the Virgin's fear,  
 No more a joyful Looker on,  
 Whilst Love's soft Battel's lost and won.

With Grief I bow'd my murm'ring Head,  
 And all my Chrystal Due I shed,  
 Which did in *Cbloris* Pity move,  
*Cbloris*, whose Soul is made of Love.  
 She cut me down, and did translate  
 My Being to a happier State:  
 No Martyr for Religion dy'd  
 With half that unconfid'ring Pride:  
 My Top was on the Altar laid,  
 Where Love his softest Off'rings paid,  
 And was as fragrant Incense, burn'd;  
 My Body into Busks was turn'd.  
 Where I still guard the sacred Store,  
 And of *Love's Temple* keep the Door.

THE



# THE INSENSIBLE.

## I.



ONE Day the am'rous *Lisander*,  
By an impatient Passion sway'd,  
Surpriz'd fair *Chloris*, that lov'd Maid,  
Who could defend herself no longer.

All Things did with his Love conspire :

The gilded Planet of the Day,  
In his gay Chariot, drawn by Fire,  
Was now descending to the Sea,  
And left no Light to guide the World,  
But what from *Chloris* brighter Eyes were hurl'd.

## II.

In a lone *Thicket*, made for Love,  
Silent as yielding Maids consent,  
She with a charming Languishment  
Permits his Force, yet gently strove.

Her

Her Ha  
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Her Hands his Bosom softly meet,  
 But not to put him back design'd,  
 Rather to draw him on inclin'd,  
 Whilst he lay trembling at her Feet.  
 Resistance 'tis too late to shew,  
 She wants the Pow'r to say,— *Ab!* what d'ye do?

III.

Her bright Eyes sweet, and yet severe,  
 Where Love and Shame confus'dly strive,  
 Fresh Vigour to *Lisander* give:  
 And whisp'ring softly in his Ear,  
 She cry'd — *Cease — cease — your vain Desire,*  
*Or I'll call out — What would you do?*  
*My dearer Honour ev'n to you,*  
*I cannot — must not give — Retire,*  
*Or take that Life, whose chiefest Part*  
*I gave you with the Conquest of my Heart.*

IV.

But he, as much unus'd to fear,  
 As he was capable of Love,  
 The Blessed Minutes to improve,  
 Kisses her Lips, her Neck, her Hair;  
 Each Touch her new Desires alarms  
 His burning trembling Hand he prest  
 Upon her melting snowy Breast;  
 While she lay panting in his Arms,  
 All her unguarded Beauties lie,  
 The Spoils and Trophies of the Enemy.

V. And

## V.

And now, without Respect, or Fear,  
 He seeks the Object of his Vows;  
 His Love no Modesty allows:  
 By swift Degrees advancing where  
 His daring Hand that Altar seiz'd,  
 Where Gods of Love do sacrifice;  
 That awful Throne, that Paradise,  
 Where Rage is tam'd and Anger pleas'd;  
 That living Fountain, from whose Trills  
 The melted Soul in liquid Drops distills.

## VI.

Her balmy Lips encount'ring his,  
 Their Bodies as their Souls they joyn'd,  
 Where both in Transports were confin'd,  
 Extend themselves upon the Moss.  
*Chloris*, half dead and breathless lay;  
 His Eyes appear'd like humid Light,  
 Such as divides the Day and Night,  
 Or falling Stars whose Fires decay;  
 And now no Signs of Life She shows,  
 But what in short-breath'd Sighs returns and goes.

## VII.

He saw her how at Length she lay;  
 He saw her rising Bosom bare,  
 Her loose thin Robes, thro' which appear  
 A Shape design'd for Love and Play;

She

Abandon'd by her Pride and Shame,  
 She does her softest Sweets dispence,  
 Off'ring her Virgin-Innocence  
 A Victim to Love's sacred Flame ;  
 Whilst the o'er-ravish'd Shepherd lies,  
 Unable to perform the Sacrifice.

## VIII.

Ready to taste a thousand Joys,  
 The two transported hapless Swain,  
 Found the vast Pleasure turn'd to Pain :  
 Pleasure, which too much Love destroys.  
 The willing Garment by he laid,  
 And Heav'n all open to his View :  
 Mad to possess, himself he threw  
 On the defenceless lovely Maid :  
 But oh ! what envious Gods conspire  
 To snatch his Pow'r, yet leave him the Desire.

## IX.

Nature's Support, without whose Aid,  
 She can no human being give,  
 Itself now wants the Art to live ;  
 Faintness its slacken'd Nerves invades ;  
 In vain th' enraged Youth essay'd  
 To call his fleeting Vigour back ;  
 No Motion 'twill from Motion take ;  
 B' Excess of Love is Love betray'd ;  
 In vain he toils, in vain commands,  
 Th' *insensible* fell weeping in his Hands.

Part II.

H

X. In

In this so am'rous cruel Strife,  
 Where Love and Fate were too severe,  
 The poor *Lisander*, in Despair,  
 Renounc'd his Reason with his Life.  
 Now all the brisk and active Fire,  
 That should the nobler Part inflame,  
 Unactive, frigid, dull became,  
 And left no Spark for new Desire ;  
 Not all her naked Charms could move,  
 Or calm that Rage that had debauch'd his Love.

## XI.

*Cbloris* returning from the Trance,  
 Which Love and soft Desire had bred,  
 Her tim'rous Hand she gently laid,  
 Or guided by Design, or Chance,  
 Upon that fabulous *Priapus*,  
 That potent God (as Poets feign.)  
 But never did young Shepherdess  
 (Gath'ring of Fern upon the Plain)  
 More nimbly draw her Fingers back,  
 Finding, beneath the verdant Leaves, a Snake.

## XII.

Then *Cbloris* her fair Hand withdrew,  
 Finding that God of her Desires,  
 Disarm'd of all his powerful Fires,  
 And cold as Flow'rs bath'd in the Morning Dew.

Who can the Nymph's Confusion guess?  
 The Blood forsook the kinder Place,  
 And strew'd with Blushes all her Face,  
 Which both Disdain and Shame express;  
 And from *Lyfander's* Arms she fled,  
 Leaving him fainting on the gloomy Bed.

## XIII.

Like Light'ning, thro' the Grove she hies,  
 Or *Daphne* from the *Delphick* God :  
 No Print upon the grassy Road  
 She leaves, t' intrust pursuing Eyes :  
 The Wind that wanton'd in her Hair,  
 And with her ruffled Garments play'd,  
 Discover'd in the flying Maid  
 All that the Gods e'er made so Fair.  
 Thus *Venus*, when her Love was slain,  
 With Fear and Haste flew o'er the fatal Plain.

## XIV.

The Nymph's Resentments none but I  
 Can well imagine and condole ;  
 But none can guess *Lyfander's* Soul,  
 But those who sav'd his Destiny ;  
 His silent Griefs swell up to Storms,  
 And not one God his Fury spares ;  
 He curs'd his Birth, his Fate, his Stars,  
 But more the Shepherdess's Charms ;  
 Whose soft bewitching Influence  
 Had damn'd him to the *Hell of Impotence*.





ON  
DOLLY CHAMBERLAIN,  
A  
SEMSTRESS.



DOLLY's Beauty and Art,  
Have so hemm'd in my Heart,  
That I cannot resist the Charm;  
In Revenge I will stitch,  
Up the Hole next her Breech,  
With a Needle as long as my Arm.



ET CÆTERA, A SONG.

I.



In a dark, silent, shady Grove,  
Fit for the Delights of Love,  
As on *Corinna's* Breast I panting lay,  
My right Hand playing with *Et Cætera*.

II. A

## II.

A thousand Words and am'rous Kisses,  
 Prepar'd us both for more substantial Bliss; ;  
 And thus the hasty Moments slipt away,  
 Lost in the Transport of *Et Cætera*.

## III.

She blush'd to see her Innocence betray'd,  
 And the small Opposition she had made;  
 Yet hugg'd me close, and, with a Sigh, did say,  
 Once more, my Dear, once more, *Et Cætera*.

## IV.

But oh! the Pow'r to please this Nymph was past,  
 Too violent a Flame can never last;  
 So we remitted to another Day  
 The Prosecution of *Et Cætera*.



## A LOVER'S ANGER.



S *Sylvia* came into the Room, t'other  
 Day,

I peevish began; where so long cou'd  
 you stay!

In your Life-time you never regarded  
 your Hour:

You promis'd at Two, and (pray look Child) 'tis Four.

A Lady's Watch needs neither Figures nor Wheels;

'Tis enough, that 'tis loaded with Baubles and Seals.

A Temper so heedless no Mortal can bear ———  
 Thus far I went on with a resolute Air.  
 Lord bless me! said she; let a Body but Speak;  
 Here's an ugly hard Rose Bud, fall'n into my Neck;  
 It has hurt me and vext me, to such a Degree ———  
 See here; for you never believe me, pray see;  
 On the left Side my Breast, what a Mark it has  
     made?  
 So saying, her Bosom she careless display'd.  
 That Seat of Delight I with Wonder survey'd;  
 And forgot ev'ry Word I design'd to have said.



O N

TOTTENHAM MARKET.

A

S O N G.



Going to Tottenham Market,  
     Upon a Summers Day;  
 There I espied a fair Maid,  
     Cloathed all in Grey:  
 A going to the Market,  
 With Butter-milk and Whey.  
*Sing fall down, lay her down, down a, down a.*  
     Good

Good Morrow to you, fair Maid, said I,  
 You are well over-took ;  
 With that she turn'd her Head about,  
 And gave a merry Look :  
 She was as full of Prettyness,  
 As Letters in a Book.

*Sing fall down, &c.*

And as we rid along the Road,  
 Aside, aside, aside ;  
 Said I to her, fair Maiden,  
 Your Garter is unty'd.  
 If you'll be pleas'd to tye it Sir,  
 You shall not be deny'd.

*Sing fall down, &c.*

I took her about the Middle so small,  
 And laid her on the Green ;  
 And in tying of her Garter,  
 The like was never seen.  
 She opened her Legs so wide,  
 That I flipt in between.

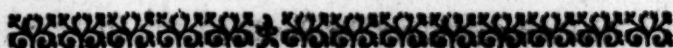
*Sing fall down, &c.*

And in tying of her Garter,  
 She lost her Maidenhead ;  
 I care not a Pin for that said she,  
 It stood me in little stead.  
 For oftentimes it troubled me,  
 As I lay in my Bed.

*Sing fall down, &c.*

And when I had had my Will of her,  
 I took her up again;  
 I gave her Kisses twenty,  
 And she gave me the same;  
 Then she away for *Highbate*,  
 And I for *London* came.

*Sing fall down, &c.*



### On Mrs. CRESWELL.

Beneath this Stone,  
 Here lies one,  
 That I have often lain upon,  
 And kist her Sitting, Standing, Lying;  
 And if She rise again, have her at Flying.

*L—d Rochester.*



### On a WELCHMAN.

H<sup>E</sup>re lies puried under these Stones,  
*Shon ap Williams, ap Shinkyn, ap Shones;*  
 Hur was porne in *Wales*, hur was kill'd in *France*;  
 Hur went to Cott py a very Mis-shance.

*To*





*To their Excellencies the Lords  
Justices of IRELAND,*

T H E

Humble PETITION

O F

*FRANCES HARRIS,*

*Who must Starve, and die a  
Maid if it Miscarries.*

*Humbly S H E W E T H,*



H A T I went to warm my Self in Lady  
*Betty's* Chamber, because I was cold,  
And I had in a Purse Seven Pound four  
Shillings and Six-pence, besides Farthings  
in Money in Gold;

So because I had been buying Things for my Lady last  
Night,

I was resolv'd to tell my Money, to see if it was right:

Now

Now you must know, because my Trunk has a very  
 bad Lock,  
 Therefore all the Money, I have, which, God  
 knows, is a very small Stock,  
 I keep in my Pocket, ty'd about my Middle, next my  
 Smock.

So when I went to put up my Purse, as God would  
 have it, my Smock was unript,  
 And, instead of putting it into my Pocket, down it slipt.  
 Then the Bell rung, and I went down to put my Lady  
 to Bed,

And, God knows, I thought my Money, as safe as my  
 Maidenhead.

So when I came up again, I found my Pocket feel very  
 Light,

But when I had search'd and miss'd my Purse, Lord!  
 I thought I should have sunk out-right;

*Lord, Madam, says Mary, how d'ye do? Indeed, says I,*  
 never worse.

But pray, *Mary*, can you tell what I have done with  
 my Purse?

Lord help me, said *Mary*, I never stirr'd out of this Place.  
 Nay, said I, I had it in Lady *Berry's* Chamber, that's  
 a plain Case.

So *Mary* got me to Bed and cover'd me up warm,  
 However, she stole away my Garters, that I might do  
 my Self no Harm;

So I tumbld and tofs'd all Night as you may very well  
 think,

But hardly ever set my Eyes together, or slept a wink.

So I was a-dream'd, methought, that we went and  
search'd the Folks all round,  
And, in a Corner of Mrs. Duke's Box, (ty'd in a Rag)  
the Money was found.

So next Morning we told *Whittle*, and he fell a Swear-  
ing :

Then my Dame *Wadgar* came, and, she you know, is  
thick of Hearing.

*Dame*, said I, as loud as I could bawl, do you know  
what a \*Loss I have had ?

Nay, said She, my Lord \* *Collway's* Folks are all very  
sad,

For my Lord † *Dromedary* comes a *Tuesday* without  
fail.

Pugh ! said I, but that's not the Business, that I ail.

Says *Cary*, said he, I have been a Servant this Five and  
twenty Years, come Spring.

And in all the Places I liv'd, I never heard of such a  
Thing.

Yes, says the *Steward*, I remember when I was at  
my Lady *Shrewsbury's*,

Such a Thing as this happen'd, just about the Time of  
*Goosberries*.

So I went to the Party suspected, and I found her full  
of Grief;

(Now you must know of all Things in the World, I  
hate a Thief.)

However, I was resolv'd to bring the Discourse slyly  
about.

Mrs. *Dukes*, said I, here is an ugly Accident has hap-  
pen'd out. \* *Gallway's*. † *Drogheda*. 'Tis

'Tis not that I value the Money three Skips of a Louse,  
 But the Things I stand upon is the Credit of the House.  
 'Tis true, Seven Pounds, four Shillings, and Six-pence  
 makes a great Hole in my Wages ;  
 Besides, as they say, Service is no Inheritance in these  
 Ages.

Now Mrs. *Dukes*, you know and every Body under-  
 stands,

That tho' 'tis hard to judge, yet Money can't go with-  
 out Hands.

The Devil take me, said she, (Blessing herself) if I ever  
 saw't !

So she roar'd like a *Bedlam*, as tho' I had call'd her all  
 to naught :

So, you know, what could I say to her any more,  
 I ev'n left her, and came away as wise as I was before.  
 Well, but then they would have me gone to the can-  
 ning Man ;

No, said I, 'tis the same Thing, the *Chaplain* will be  
 here anon.

So the *Chaplain* came in ; now the Servants say he is  
 my Sweet-heart,

Because he's always in my Chamber, and I always take  
 his Part.

So as the Devil would have it, before I was aware, out  
 I blunder'd,

Parson, said I, can you cast a *Nativity*, when a Body's  
 plunder'd ?

Truly

Now, you must know, he hates to be call'd Parson like the Devil.

Truly, says he, Mrs. Nab, it might become you to be more civil.

If your Money be gone, as a learned Divine says, d'ye see, You are no Text for my handling, so take that from me.

I was never taken for a Conjuror before, I'd have you to know.

Lord, said I, don't be angry; I am sure I never thought you so;

You know I honour the Cloth, I design to be a Parson's Wife;

I never took one in your Coat for a Conjuror in all my Life.

With that he twisted his Girdle at me like a Rope, as who should say,

Now you may go Hang your self for me, and so went away.

Well; I thought I should have swoon'd; Lord, said I, what shall I do?

I have lost my Money and shall lose my True Love too.

Then my Lord call'd me; Harry, said my Lord, don't cry.

I'll give something towards thy Loss; and says my Lady, so will I.

Oh! but said I, what if after all my Chaplain won't come to?

For that, he said, (an't please your Excellencies) I must Petition you.

Part II.

I

The



The Premises, tenderly consider'd, I desire your *Excellencies* Protection,

And that I may have a Share in next *Sunday's* Collection :

And over and above, that I may have your *Excellencies* Letter,

With an Order for the *Chaplain* forefaid ; or, instead of him, a better :

And then your poor *Petitioner*, both Night and Day,  
Or the *Chaplain* (for 'tis his Trade) as in Duty bound,  
shall ever Pray.



O N

M I R A.



F all the Nymphs that trod the flow'ry  
Green,

Than *Mira* there was none more Charming  
seen.

With Joy each Youth beheld her lovely Face,  
With ev'ry Charm adorn'd, and ev'ry Grace ;  
Her Eyes an universal Empire bore,  
And none e'er saw 'em but soon felt their Pow'r.

Among

Among the num'rous Croud of sighing Swains,  
 My Fate has destin'd me to wear her Chains ;  
 Long I ador'd her, and had often strove  
 To make the Fair One grant me Love for Love.  
 Long she deny'd me ; but at length she own'd  
 Her gen'rous Flame, and all my Wishes crown'd.  
 Gods ! with what Rapture was my Soul possess'd,  
 When the dear Charmer lay upon my Breast,  
 And am'rous *Cupid*, all his Pow'r confess'd.  
 Eternal Constancy I swore, and She,  
 With frequent Vows return'd the like to me.  
 Hear me ye Gods ! she cry'd, by you I swear,  
 Who Lover's Oaths in Heaven register ;  
 May all my Wishes ne'er successful prove,  
 If any other Youth I ever love.  
*Princes* themselves to me should sue in vain,  
 For I before 'em all prefer my faithful Swain.

}

With pleasing Joy I heard the charming Maid,  
 Transported with the tender Things she said.  
 She look'd more bright ; a thousand Graces rise,  
 Dance in her Face, and revel in her Eyes :  
 I saw soft Sighs heave up her panting Breast,  
 And felt such Joy as cannot be express'd.  
 Trembling with Transport in my Arms she lay,  
 While I did ev'ry lovely Charm survey.

A former Coldness now was laid aside,  
 And I a thousand Liberties enjoy'd,  
 Which, with a few faint Struggles, she deny'd.

}

This Dalliance quickly rais'd unruly Fires,  
 Raging and boundless were my mad Desires:  
 I prest, and in one happy Minute gain'd  
 The Prize, which sacred had 'till now remain'd.  
 I now pass'd ev'ry Day in full Delight,  
 But much more happy did I spend the Night.  
 'Twas then I revell'd in the Joys of Love,  
 And surfeited on Bliss, as great as that above.



THE  
 Best in CHRISTENDOM  
 A  
 TALE.

USING one Day on *This* and *That*,  
**M** And thinking on I *know not what*;  
 A jolly Nymph, of *Phæbus*' Strain,  
 Attack'd me thus in merry Vein.

The Rival Deities of Old,  
 A Shepherd chose (as I am told)  
 To whom each Goddess made her Suit;  
 And he decided their Dispute.

No Deities your Aid implore,  
 But Nymphs in Number three times Four.  
 (Nymphs full as sprightly and as good,  
 As e'er were made of Flesh and Blood,  
 Who now are sporting on the Plain,)  
 Have chose thee Umpire, happy Swain!  
 Here, read these Words ——— and quickly tell,  
 Thou, who in Wisdom dost excell,  
 Relate, or think me troublesome,  
 What means the ——— *Best in Christendom*?  
 She smil'd, she blush'd, and with a Grace,  
 Hung down her Head, and veil'd her Face.

From various Things, said I, arise  
 Variety of Qualities.  
 This fires the Soul, and that the Blood;  
 Mysterious some, some understood.  
 But, ah! how wide my Task and far is,  
 From what was giv'n to Shepherd *Paris*!  
 Naked he view'd the Heav'nly Fair;  
 And did not slip one single Hair;  
 So curious in Examination,  
 No Part escap'd his Penetration.  
 But since my Judgment is requir'd,  
 I'll speak, for now I am inspir'd.  
 The Nymph so sprightly, Blyth and Gay,  
 Shall change their Notes another Way.  
 The *Best*, must something be, *Divine*:  
 And sure that **THING** must needs be thine.

If so, says She (with swelling Veins)  
 Then prithee take it for thy Pains.

A NEW  
R I D D L E  
FOR THE  
L A D I E S.



H A T's that in which good Huswives  
take delight?

Which, tho' it has no Legs, will stand up-  
right?

'Tis often us'd, both Sexes must agree,  
Beneath the Navel, yet above the Knee.

At th' End, it has a Hole, 'tis stiff and strong;

Thick as a Maidens Wrist, and pretty long;

To a soft Place 'tis very oft apply'd,

And makes the Thing 'tis us'd to still more wide,

Yet Women love to riggle't to and fro,

That what lies under may the Wider grow.

By giddy Sluts it is sometimes abus'd,

But by good Huswives rub'd before 'tis us'd,

That it may fitter for their Purpose be,

When they the same to occupy are free:

Now tell me (merry Ladies) if you can

What this must be that is no Part of Man?

F I N I S.







E

ives

up.